Eng. Poetry vol 33.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

Lord *L*ove--l to Lord *C*enterfield.

By Mr. *P*----.

LONDON:

Printed for *T. Cooper*, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter Row*. 1740.

(Price Sixpence.)

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FROM

Lord L---l to Lord C---t.

By Mr. P---

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Printed for J. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-
noster Row. MDCC. LVI.

(Price Sixpence.)

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

Lord *L*---*l* to Lord *C*---*d*.

I.

O *Holkam!* bleſt, belov'd abode!
Productive of an Annual Ode,
If *C*----*d* inſpire:
Clio and I will club for Wit,
Beneath the ſpreading Oak we'll ſit,
And thrumb the Lyrick Lyre.

How

II.

How beauteous is this rural Scene!
With conſtant Verdure ever green,
How healthy, gay and pleaſant!
A clean, tho' an ungrateful Soil,
Rewarding well the Sportſman's Toil,
With Partridges and Pheaſant.

III.

To you, my Lord, I ſend my Lays,
Fondly conceiv'd in *Flavia*'s Praiſe,
Flavia can make a Poet.
Happy the Man, of choiceſt Taſte,
Who ſees whate'er's above the Waiſt,
Much happier, what's below it.

IV.

But hold! to Love I bid adieu,
A greater Theme is now in view,
I feel my Country's Ruin:
Next Winter I'll reſign my Place,
Nor longer ſhare the ſad Diſgrace,
And bluſh for what is doing.

V.

The Cries of an inſulted Land,
Redreſs of Injuries demand.
Let's out for *England*'s Glory!
I'm ready to take part with you,
And am become a Patriot too,
But neither Whig nor Tory.

VI.

Let honeſt Men together join,
And ſince we have it, keep that Line,
Fixt by the Revolution;
Let us defend our Sov'reign's Cauſe,
Aſſert our Rights, preſerve our Laws,
And ſave the Conſtitution.

VII.

On Me you have obtain'd your Ends,
I freely now give up my Friends,
As wretched Politicians;
Never to bite, yet ſhow their Teeth,
In ſenſeleſs Camps at *Hounſlow-Heath*,
And *Spithead* Expeditions.

Millions

VIII.

Millions to raiſe, then arm in vain,
By Fears inciting *France* and *Spain*,
(Like Him of *Pope*'s deſcribing)
Willing to hurt, afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint, and heſitate diſlike,
While all our Skill is bribing.

IX.

Of Filth each Houſe then let us glean,
Keep thoſe *Augean* Stables clean;
And ſtrike off every Penſion:
Let us be Sovereigns of the Seas,
Our Merchants ſail where-e'er they pleaſe,
Nor fear a New Convention.

This

X.

This Boon alone, my Lord, I crave,
Many will join us, do but ſave
One ſingle Sinner for us:
Grant for our ſakes this only Job,
Some Mercy ſhow our old Friend *B---b*,
Do what you will with *H----e*.

FINIS.